preparations for the trip. When she opened the door I asked hoarsely, "Is Comrade Woytinsky at home?" "No, he left three days ago," she replied. I stepped in and said, "All right, I shall wait." Only then did she recognize me. She was shocked to tears by the change in my appearance, voice, and manners.

I vaguely remember the parting from my family. My father and brothers were away from Petrograd, but my mother and sister came to say good-by to us. I did not see my mother again until years later, in Paris. This was the last time I saw Nadya.

CROSSING RUSSIA

The trip from Petrograd to the Black Sea by train normally took two days. Our military hospital train covered the distance in about three weeks. Again, as a year earlier, we were crossing the expanses of Russia, but the contrast with March, 1917, was striking. This time the country was in a paroxysm of fear, suspicion, and hatred.

Georgian soldiers and officers were predominant among the passengers, but other people also found their way into our train—deserters, peasants with heavy sacks of flour and potatoes, merchants with mysterious bundles and suitcases. Trains had no timetables in those days; each moved on its own when the track was clear. At each station the commander of our train went to the local committee to ask for a safe-conduct. If the road ahead was clear and the committee members were decent and sober, the permit could be obtained in an hour or two, but sometimes negotiations lasted for five or six hours. The permit of the Council of the People's Commissars was not enough. The local committee would wire along the line to check where our train came from. Then gangs of soldiers would descend and search the passengers for arms.

Stations and tracks were packed with trains loaded with soldiers—some in rags, looking like outlaws, others in new uniforms from a ransacked warehouse. Some trains carried cannon—to use against the landowners, as soldiers explained. Frequently a train had a "mobile position" at each end, with sandbags packed around the cannon for use if the train was ambushed.

We arrived in Kursk early in the morning and were kept at the station until dusk. Excited people, mostly civilians, crowded the station. In my dirty cloak I could go among the crowd and ask what was going on. The station was two miles from the city over snow-covered fields, and the civilians at the station were local factory workers who claimed they had fled from Kursk after it was captured by the S-R, who had obtained a majority in the Soviet election. They had fled to the station